The Matinee Girl's Idol, on the Stage and in Real Life.

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"Here is a picture of Mr. Ratcliffe in 'The Fatal Card.' He has just had a stage quarrel with lovely

h brown eyes-oh, such tender brown eyes-and a hero's It is the story of a stage idol-the story of a brute. On the

Such things are only natural, after all, for on the stage Mr. Batchine is an actor. At home -well, look at the pictures and shown himself neither a sport nor a patriot. With the amount of



"Here is Mr. Ratcliffe in 'Americans Abroad.' He is sneering coldly. Note his square jaw—the jaw which the girls worship. It is most naturally brutal now."

'Chee: but Chimmie's a heaut," says the Bowery girl of her ly but surreptitiously, in looking for the joints. love; "w'en he punches me in de eye I t'ink de top o' me head is comin' off. He's a peach, and de more he licks me de better I love him."

Such things are hard to conceive, but they are easily within the limits of a woman's worshipping nature. But be careful section comes from the coast forests, from Humboldt, a county whom you worship, Oh girl of the matinee. On the stage an actor that contains enough property in standing trees to pay the nacarries out the loftlest sentiments of the human mind. Of the tional debt, providing they could all be sold at current prices for stage he is the real thing. He has nobody's brain to rely upon lumber. These redwoods of the coast are of the variety called but his own; and an actor's brain off the stage is like a jelly fish out of water all bitterness and muchage. Here is a picture of quarrel with lovely Amy Busby. Note the pleading look in Miss



"This picture shows Mr. Ratcliffe in the play of "Two Little Vagrants." He is in a bad humor—a defiant humor. You can tell it by his projecting jaw, which now resembles that of a bulldog. George Fawcett is despoiling him of a revolver. Pretty soon Mr. Rateliffe will say: 'Kearses on you-you have me in your power."

W. W. Astor's California Big Tree Dinner Table.

Astor, of bondon, Has 1mported Bit of a California Redwood 16 ft. 6in. Diameter, and 20 Pons in Weight.

ing Englishmen a very poor idea of the size of American redwood trees. While entertaining a number of Britons at Clivedon, his country seat on the Thames, Mr. Astor made a bet that he would furnish a table made out of a section of one redwood tree, at which forty guests could sit. The Englishmen were incredulous. After the maner of their race, they asserted that no such tree existed. To win his bet, Mr. Astor has transported to England a section of a tree only sixteen feet six inches In diameter, and twenty-seven tons in weight.

Californians are astounded that he should have selected so Has he disturbed your dreams to any extent? Have you mingled small a tree as representative of the giants of the Pacific slope, your tears with your caramels when you have listened to his especially when an international controversy was concerned. If a Californian millionaire had made the bet he would have done a great deal better. Many people are saying that Mr. Astor has money at his disposal, which is comparatively much larger than



a Dinner Mable and Sit Porty English "Nobs" Around in Order Win His Wager.

Sequola Sempervirens. It is true that the Astor dining table is cut from a tree of fair size for a tree of this species. Not often do the trees of the coast counties grow taller than 270 feet, or greater in diameter than eighteen feet. Yet, down in the Santa Fruz Mountains, only four or five hours' ride from San Francisco, here is a stump of a tree that is a ballroom floor, on which twenty couples can dance. Mr. Astor might make another wager and import a ship load of ballroom, all in one cross section of redwood.

Then there are the redwoods of the Slerra Nevadas, known scientifically as Sequola Gigantea. They are far bigger than any of the redweeds of the coast. One example, called the Fallen sworn to about it: "He then took her by the hair of the head. Giant, has lain upon the ground for centuries. At a distance of 300 feet from the base the diameter of this tree is eighteen feet, times." one foot and half a foot wider than the polished table that is going all the way to England to prove the great millionaire's lofty nature is yours. word. At the height of the American Tract Society building that tree trunk was eighteen feet through.



his red wood tree, he could have taken his pick of a dozen or so of the biggest trees in the world.

The Astor slice of tree is a nice enough piece of wood, considered upart from the question of the bet. In addition to being over sixteen feet in diameter, it is two feet in thickness and beautifully polished on top. It is now on its way across the ocean on the German ship Marie Heckfeld. It will be set up at Cliveden and, doubtless, forty noble and aristocratic Britons will dine at it. While doing so, they will probably be engaged industrious-

But it is necessary to explain how small this particular redwood is. It would have been comparatively easy, however, for Mr. Astor to obtain a section thirty feet in diameter.

In California there are two kinds of redwood trees. The Astor

Mr. Ratcliffe in "The Fatal Card." He has just had a stage Busby's eyes and the world of trouble in Mr. Ratcliffe's. This is not the way he acts in a real quarrel. His brow is as corrugated as the elbow joint of a stovepipe, and he looks grieved. If it were a real quarrel he might have his fingers twisted in Miss Busby's hair.

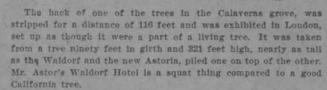
On the opposite side of the page you may see Mr. Ratcliffe in a real quarrel. How different it is. He is not acting now. He is in deadly earnest, because the woman is not so strong as he. The woman is not an actress or one of his matinee girl wor. shippers. It is his wife.

Read what a servant of Mr. Ratcliffe has sworn to. It will afford a charming comparison with Mr. Rateliffe's life.

"I served dinner and both sat down to the table. While I was clearing off the table he went over to her and took her by the throat and told her to sit down on a chair. Then he took her by the hair and dashed her against the clock."

But pshaw! What do matinee girls care for little trivialities. like this? He is so handsome, you know. "Well, I don't care anyhow," they say; "he's just as lovely as he can be."

"It would have been comparatively easy, however, for Mr. Astor to obtain a section 30 feet in diameter."



The New Netherland Hotel is fairly tall for a building, 220 feet, but if a Seauola Gigantea from the Calaveras grove, or the Mariposa grove, or the Tulare grove, were rising out of Central Park, opposite the hotel, you would look upward from the roof of the New Netherland almost as far as to the top of the tree as you would look downward to the base.

Mr. Astor should advise those sceptical gentlemen who know oaks, but have faint knowledge of redwoods, to take a trip to contused and painful. There were various marks on both arms, America. They should see the Mariposa grove and the Calaveras grove, and then the grove near Kaweah, in Tulare County, California. If they wish to measure the girth of the tallest tree in the last grove they will need at least one hundred feet of string.

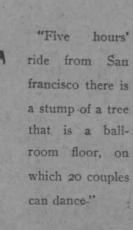
Here is another picture of Mr. Ratcliffe in "Americans Abroad." In this illustration he is boldly defying Herbert Kelcey. He is succeing coldly. The picture fits him well. Note his square jaw-the jaw which the girls worship. It is most naturally brutal now. Looking at it one could almost believe he could hit a woman instead of only hauling her around by the hair.

home circle apparently enjoying himself according to his lights. But read an extract from the affidavit of the servant girl previously quoted:

In the next picture Mr. Ratcliffe may once more be seen in his

"Mrs. Rateliffe got up off the floor. As she did so he caught her and threw her up against the gas bracket. Her head struck it. He then grabbed her by the hair of the head."

This picture shows Mr. Ratcliffe in the play of the "Two Little Vagrants." He is in a bad humor-a defiant humor. You can tell it by his projecting jaw, which now resembles that of a buildog. He is signing a check. George Fawcett is despolling him of a revolver. Pretty soon Mr. Rateliffe will say: "Kearses on you



The Goach and Four Driving Through the Tree Gives You an Idea What a Sequoia Gigantea Really Is.

Mr. Ratcliffe, Actor and Husband --- A Contrast.



"Here you may see Mr. Ratcliffe in a real quarrel. How different it is. He is not acting now. The woman is not an actress or one of his matines girl

the act of kicking his wife. Note what the servant girl has

Oh, god of the matinee, to whom the pretty girls pray,

In his affidavit regarding the condition of Mrs. Ratcliffe, Dr. Frederick A. Lyons, of No. 50 East Sixty-third street, says:

"On June 15 I was called to attend Allco Ratcliffo at No. 104 West Seventy-seventh street. I found her in a delicate condition and suffering from symptoms which led me to fear trouble, for which I treated her. I found one side of her face swellen and



"Mr. Ratcliffe is at home. The servant swears: "Mrs. Ratcliffe got up off the floor. As she did so he caught her and threw her against the gas bracket. Her head struck it. He then grabbed her by the hair of the

on the back, the hips, thighs and abdomen, some of them large and very painful, having the appearance of being two or three

"They were, in my opinion, produced by kicks or blows and done with much force. I consider her condition dangerous, There were about a dozen different contusions from blows."



"In this picture Mr. Ratcliffe is depicted by ti artist in the act of kicking his wife. Note wha servant girl has sworn to about it. 'He then too the head. She fell under the table on the floor he kicked her several times."